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1910

The Thornless Rose

JOHNSON

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THE THORNLESS ROSE

By CORPORAL JOHNSON

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LEWIS W. JOHNSON

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Dedicated to Jennie Johnson

MY WIFE:—Whose companionship is ever true to the mutual interests of our hearts, hopes and home.

TO MY WIFE:—The incentive to many successful undertakings that have proved a pleasure to myself and, we trust, a blessing to others.

TO MY WIFE:—Whose many sacrifices have had much to do with the consummation of plans through which we are to gratify an ambition to place this humble effort within reach of our numerous friends and acquaintances, whose social relations give us a place of welcome and credit for the attempt.

TO MY WIFE:—Who is the first and will be (if alive) the last to heed our earthly requirements in the home, with all that clusters around a name so dear, We Dedicate This Little Souvenir.

But, in presenting it to the public—an exacting public—we hesitate, for it is not without a knowledge of the many facts in this connection that we venture to meet its demands. We are certain that disappointment will be the fruit of our venture if too confident touching our day dreams and ability to associate them with the melody of Sweet Song. But we gather some consolation from a certain knowledge that the most elevated critics—the Masters of the literary and musical world—would give us a chance and give us credit for being venturesome, hopeful and happy.

In moments of darkness and doubt, how intuitively we lean upon the friendship of another. Even though perchance we are brave and self reliant, we often find that we need the regard, sympathy and approval of others and must of necessity step beyond the threshold of the dearest spot on earth to find a response to some urgent demand that cannot be supplied within the home.

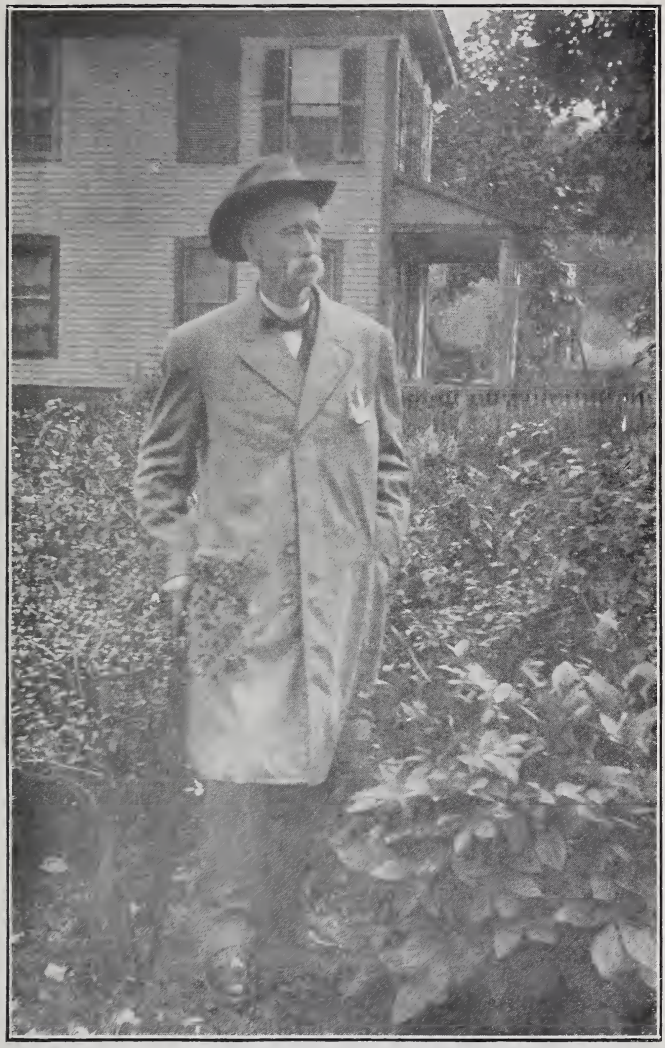
This little work is a pen picture of its Author's mind. It is an open book in plain, simple language and sentiment.

Read us carefully, excuse errors and don't forget that Charity covers a multitude of sins.

LEWIS WARREN JOHNSON.

A WORD OF PRAYER.

Heavenly Father, grant this prayer;
Bless Our Old Comrades ev'rywhere.
In the vigor of their youth
They battled to uphold this truth:
All men were created free,
And have a right to Liberty.
Bless Our Country, long may it be
A branch of God's great fruitful tree;
With her emblem offering ev'rywhere,
To all its stars an equal share;
And to this end, we pray and trust,
Our Flag will ne'er be trailed in dust.



Lewis Warren Johnson

NOTE---The author served in the War of 1861-5, with the 1st Independent Battery, Ohio Light Artillery.

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An' the ole clock on the kitchen wall,
As in days o' yore—when we were small—
Is tickin' the wee short hours away
As it did when we were young an' gay.

Somehow it sets our heart a-clickin'
When we hear that same ole clock a-tickin'—
Tickin' our ripening years away,
An' clothin' our heads with silvery grey.

For still we love the bright, frosty morn,
With its red, ripe leaves an' golden corn,
An' the shrill, weird notes of Katy-did,
Denied by its mate, in the thicket hid;

An' we hie away at break o' day,
Where the sunbeams kiss the icy spray,
To see the jewels glist'ning bright
That God has formed in one short night.

But it is not long that we may stay
Amid the wealth of the mornin' grey,
For, lo, the sun at early seven
Toted the beauties back to'rd heaven.

But a greater charm awaits us still,
When light breaks forth o'er vale and hill,
The panorama dazzles our eyes
An' we're lost in wonder and surprise;

An' our ole heart, with a youthful click,
Is keepin' time to the ole clock's tick,
That's slowly ticken our time away,
Whether we are young or ole an' gray.

THE BURGLAR.

On a cold winter night, many long, long years ago,
When our fire was near out and our woodpile was low,
And the weird, low moaning of the wind's weary sigh
Made us tremble with fear and of shadows feel shy,
We locked all the doors, and the windows nailed down,
But we still had some hint that the Bogy-man was 'round.
So wife got the stove poker, and I a big club,
And we crawled in our bed only to roll and rub,
For every now and then some faint uncommon noise
Seemed to come from the room of the girls and the boys.
Then we would jump right out in our long robes of white,
Nearly 'fraid of ourselves mid the lamp's flick'ring light,
While the weird shadows made on the white, blurry wall
Set the children bawling and made our own blood crawl.
But we could nothing find to warrant a great scare,
So we slipped back to bed, but kept our clubs right there,
For we knew they would come—the bold men clad in mask—
So we lay and wondered what questions they would ask;
For we had it in mind, when it came to the rub,
To answer their query with the poker and club.
It was now nearly morn and we enjoyed a doze,
But we got to dreaming, as one might well suppose,
And in this drowsy state we were wakened once more
By a terrible, loud crash on the rear lower floor.
"There, husband, they've done it; we must jump up and run,
For most likely they've got a big two-barrel gun,
And when it's all over and our bodies are found,
Your wife and dear children will lie mangled around."

"Say, wife, here's your poker; we can do nothing more
Than slip down the long stair and get out the front door;
But we'll first leave a note on the table right there,
Saying, 'Please, Mr. Burglar, we've not a thing to spare.

"Say, wife, it's so quiet since they broke in the door,
Let us slip down the stairs on our very tip toes,
And peep through the opening at the foot of the stair,
And I think we can see what they're doing down there.
There he is—don't you see? It's our old, pet tom-cat
Doing your Chinaware—What you think o' that?"

MORE LIGHT.

Eight hours to labor an' eight to play,
An' gather knowledge along the way;
An' eight hours to sleep, traditions say,
Map out the real ole fashioned day.

Brother, stop an' think once more
O' lesson taught in ways galore;
An' you will have more wealth in store
Than all the glit'rin' knights o' yore.

Think not, my brother, that yer life
Should all be given to toil and strife;
Catch the designs each day an' night
That greet you through impressive light.

Then, with the early mornin' rays
O sunlight 'long life's varied ways,
Yer mind will blend with brighter days
Than his who in the darkness stays.

WAND'RING THOUGHTS.

When Adam and Eve were young you know'd
They lived in a park where fig trees grow'd
To shelter them from the sun's warm rays,
For they did not have much clothes them days.
Now, ev'rything was new and neat,
Adam was good—his wife was sweet;
Both as happy as a pair could be,
With faces bright and hearts as free
As a robin who's found a cherry tree,
An' with her family all agree
To praise the Lord for what they see
Nearby their future home-to-be.
They did not have to till the groun',
An' so got tired a-foolin' 'roun',
An' went to the orchard (guess they run),
An' here is where the fuss begun.
Well, Adam is dead an' gone to rest,
An', though he may not be well dress'd,
He's got away from that sad place
Where he sinned away his day of grace;
But's left the world a bad estate.
Outside that ancient Garden Gate,
Where sin abounds (a bad mistake)
That Eve blamed on a little snake
That somehow crept inside the space,
Where beauty faced it's first disgrace
An' hid away in a secret place.

Better he'd thrown the fruit away
That was handed him by Eve that day,
An', to their Master, Loyal and True,
Turned on the snake an' beat him blue
Rather than leave an inheritance
That's cost much grief an' great expense,
Throughout the years since Providence
Will'd us this jewel, Faith, Hope and Love,
Through which We Trust in God Above.

THE ICE STORM.

It was a freaksome day, and was one of the kind
That caused Mother to say, "I cannot call to mind,
When I looked out the door and could see everywhere
Such a beautiful picture of bright icicle glare."

It was the first March day in Nineteen Hundred and Eight,
And will long be remembered in the Old Hoosier State.

The long night preceding the strange, weird, early dawn,
The Ice King was dressing the Shade Trees and Lawn.
And when the Curtain rose to admit morning light
Buf'lo Bill or Ben Hur would been a Dwarfy sight.

If the stock of diamonds that was scattered 'round
Had not been watered the price would dropped down.

When we looked to the south on the banks of Maumee
From our Lakeside Cottage we could so plainly see
The bright sparkling jewels on the limbs that hung low,
And the long, bushy tops that were clad in rich glow.

A weird combination on the High Water's crest
Was the tall, native trees that The Ice King had dressed
In clothes that were gorgeous, though very hard to bear,
Because of the burden of great weight that was there.

And some, that had long stood many storms of renown,
Surrendered to Ice King and lay scattered around.

Throughout the wide city (so the good Editor said,)
The limbs on the Shade trees to each other were wed.
And the tie that bound them was their long limbs entwined,
While the Ice King fastened a firm knot of his kind;

And they stood there a-while in their Bridal attire
Of rare gems and jewels that Queens would admire.

There were so many freaks and festoons on that day
That we'll simply mention the Lightning's weird play.
Which together with thunder and the bright, lurid flash,
Beat Buf'lo Bill's Entry, but it cost Life and Cash.

Now, this much we've noted, to remember the date.
Please paste in your Scrap Book, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT.

THAT MAMMOTH 1908 CUCUMBER.

We scratched it on our slates so we'd not forget the date;
We grew it from a seed no larger than a pea;
Yet ev'ryone who saw it, raised their hands an' said, "O, gee!"
It thrived among the flowers in our little homelike park,
An' grew amid the sunshine an' in the dewy dark;
Until we feared the critter would take up all the groun',
So we pulled it from the vine an' fetched it down to town
To let our people see how the Hoosier people thrive;
An' they gave it their approval, as sure as you're alive;
We aint got no little hatchet an' aint foolin' with a lie;
Please ask *our* Lime-Kiln Brother an' we think you'll find out why.

THE BRAVE OLD ELM.

Where e'er we roam 'long life's dear way,
Neath glim'ring stars or sun-lit ray,
Our thoughts turn back where e'er we go
To the Giant Elm where waters flow.
Drinking the sun-light here and there
'Neath a Dead Limb that's gray and bare,
Without a leaf to shut out air,
Admitting rays of brightest glare.
Right where the water's passing by
So gentle and so bright and shy,
The laughing ripples dazzle the eye
As they pass on and wink "Good-Bye."

While the Old Elm with withered limb
Is fairly clothed and looking prim,
Oft reminds us at twilight dim
Of specters 'round an old Fort grim.
Where bravest Soldiers scattered 'round
After the battle on frozen ground,
Looked up and said, "Our heart's not dead;
We've another arm—let's go ahead."

So the Old Elm, like a soldier true,
Stands sentinel o'er the waters blue;
While the wither'd limb clings like glue
To the firm old heart that's always new.

We love to sit 'mid sunshine high
In its cooling shade, we know not why,
Unless to hear the soft winds sigh
That move its leaves like waving rye.
While here and there a picture's made
When extra breezes rustle the shade,
And the sun drops through the opening made
And kisses the grass so it won't fade.

To me those pictures without screens,
Moving about by unseen means,
I say are more than golden sheens
Prepared for Kings or glit'ring Queens.

Give me a Home near the water's crest,
Where Trees are green and Robins rest,
So I can watch them build their nest.
Since I am old, please take the rest.

AWAKE, YE SONS!

Awake, ye sons of patriot sires,
Put fuel on your smoldering fires,
And let the Spirit of the dead
Inspire your heart to go ahead.

The time has come when you should be
The Fruitful branch of all the tree,
To guard the prize your fathers leave
Round which *you* may a garland weave;
To *look* upon when *you* are *old*
As precious more than gems of gold,
Or glittering stones in gilded store
Of selfish Knights on foreign shore.

By right you are as brothers true,
The ones to guard Red, White an' Blue;
For you have sat on Father's knee
And learned the cost of Liberty,
And know just how the bill was paid
With costly treasures God had made;
With hearts as true as Lincoln's, dear,
Who led with love and manly fear.

Our country now is blest with peace,
But 'long this line we have no lease;
But we well know your hearts will glow
With native pride to keep it so.

Then join your hands, ye noble boys,
Who've learned to love those priceless joys,
And in fraternal spirit say—
"The Dear Old Flag is Here to Stay."

The boys in blue are old and gray,
And shadows lengthen while they stay;
But you'll be pleased to tell your son
What Father did, when he is gone.

You number now an army great
In cities, towns and every state;
While one by one the Old Boys fall
And leave to you Their Empty Hall.

GOOD-BYE TO THESE.

(My Sister.)

What a weird thing is mind!
A thing we cannot see,
Though its with us every day
And talks to you and me.

Sometimes, with light'ning's speed,
It's across the dark blue sea;
Then just a moment later
At home with friends to be.

Sometimes it's very busy,
And just now it seems to be;
One's pointing back to Childhood—
To the days when you and me

Gathered pleasure from the wild-wood
And the tall old Chestnut tree,
When the frost had done its work
In the good old used-to-be.

Just now one's hov'ring where
The tall willows bending low,
Kissed the dancing ripples
Where fishing we would go,

With bended pin for hook
And waited—waited then and there,
Till the bilin' hot sun
Was more than we could bear.

Then pullin' out for home,
With few little shiners dry,
We trudged up the steep hill
Talkin' about Apple pie.

What a strange thing is mind!
One is wandering to-day
Among the vine-clad hills
Of Ohio, far, far away.

Flitting among the flowers
With sister by the hand,
Gath'ring Childhood treasures,
And playin' in the sand.

Good-bye to these, my dear,
We're trav'ling down life's pike;
And seems we're goin' faster
Than the Auto or the Bike.

But in memory we cherish
The good ole long ago,
Before you married William
Or thought about a beau.

1910—RECONCILIATION—1910.

Here's a toast to the Boys of 1861 to '65,
The *Blue or Grey* who are yet alive,
And the girls at home, their Sweethearts,
Who writ letters so full o' fun
And said, "Good-bye to Mamma"
For the Lad Behind the Gun.

THE BOY AND BUM-BEE.

When the mid-summer's sun
  Was most bilin' hot,
And the boys got tired
  Hangin' round the cot,
They slipped out the back door
  Of the family home,
To have a little sport
  And a child-like roam.

Ere they stepped off the Porch
  The youngsters espied
Some nice blooming clover
  On the lawn outside,
And naturally lovin'
  The nice, sweet perfume,
And the wide-spreadin' lawn,
  Where's plenty of room,

They quickly hied away
  In young Childish glee,
To sport with the flowers
  And the Buzzin' Bee.
For the Bee, like the Boys,
  Was cheerful that day,
'Cause they'd found a good job—,
  So 'twas "Bumbles' Day."

And the Boys and the Bees,
  Bein' of one mind,
Simply played together
  And were true and kind,
Until Danny, our darling,
  In high playin' glee,
Just thought he'd examine
  The sweet Birdie Bee.

So he selected a big one
Of the "Bumble" kind,
With a velvety back—
The best he could find.
Not knowin' its real name,
He called it "My Dear,"
And was lookin' it over
From front to the rear,

When his hand came in touch
With a spot, you bet,
That spoiled his dear love
For the whole Bum Set,
For he went home bawlin'
And dropped on the Rug,
Cryin', "O, Dear Pa-pa,
I got jagged on a Bug."

MORAL.

The Bee is not the only Bird
That stings Boys on the sly;
There's other birds an' stinging words
Of which he should steer shy.

THE PICNIC.

I've been to the circus and the Vaudeville play,
And the St. Louis Fair with its funny Midway;

But the funniest thing 'long the whole funny trail,
Was that funny fellow with the Picnic pail.

On the banks of Fish Lake, where the tables were spread
For five—with the Preacher, who laughed himself dead.

Oh, I hate to tell it, least you think it a lie,
But its the real truth, if it's my last good-bye,

(Except the young Parson, who, between yourself and I,
Got a pain in his side and only thought he'd die.)

They say truth is mighty and will always prevail,
So I'll give you it straight to the end of this tale.

Sometimes I don't tell it, 'cause the joke was on me,
Whose plate on the table was quite near a big tree.

That o'erspread the wild waves of a miniature sea,
That was a cool retreat and a good place to be.

On account of the view we had of the water,
And the breezes we caught as the sun grew hotter.

Yes, good, I will admit for the whole jolly push,
Only myself was crowded too near the old Oak bush,

In whose rough, barky trunk some progressive young beaux
Had driven some old nails for their hats and some cloths.

Now, keep this in mind, as we are jogging along,
With our truthful story that is not very long.

Never mind the sweetest rhyme you detect in our verse,
It's the sentiment brought out we would have you rehearse,

So that your thoughtful mind may compare well with ours,
When at Little Fish Lake we spent a few jolly hours

With some friends that were dear as the apple of our eye,
Especially the Parson, who would laugh till he'd cry.

What we want you to see (please, don't think it a sin)
Is the ridiculous bout that we were placed in.

Of course we all dressed in our best and all that,
And I topped my togs with a new Derby Hat,

Which was cocked on my head when the good Minister said,
"Let us thank the good Lord for our Friendship and bread."

I jerked off my Derby and reached very high
And to my great surprise hung my Hat on a Fly,

And it went rolling down to the wild waves below,
Till it filled with water and could no farther go.

The Preacher's wife and mine started off with a grin,
And before the Minister had near reached the Amen

He stopped very short, with his prayer cut in half,
And joined the two women in a side-splitting laugh,

While I was down fishing for my new Sunday Hat
That had sunk 'neath the waves. Now, what you think of that?

MORAL.

Dear reader, remember there is many a sigh
Caused by missing the nail that is close to a fly.

THE FOGY FARMER.

An old Fogy Farmer sat on the fence,
Counting his dollars and counting his cents,
And devising plans to make ends meet,
Till he felt that his brain was almost beat.

When a pert little Bird, with nimble wing,
That always comes with approaching Spring,
Dropped down on a rail a few yards away
And sang the sweet song that is common to May.

The Farmer awoke as if from a dream
And thought of his corn-field down by the stream,
Where some days before he had planted seeds
In ground that would likely produce some weeds.

So suiting to action to the interest stirred
By the awakening strains of the little Bird,
He soon was looking quite forlorn
On the giant weeds that shaded his corn.

With the active will of a Farmer true,
He said to himself—"This will not do;
If the Corn and Tares together grow
The result will be, just so and so."

So at early dawn of the coming day
With a rusty one shovel and Billy, the bay,
The Old Fogy's voice rang out, "Gee—Whoa and Haw,"
And some queer sort of language about the old Plow.

But the established mode of Grandfather's day
Had tied him down to the old-fashioned way;
And he scratched away to the end of the year,
Then gathered some nubbins, but never an ear.

While across the way a hustling neighbor,
Who used a modern Cultivator
And a pair of horses brisk and strong,
Had plenty of ears that were heavy and long.

And the Old Fogy Farmer sits on the fence,
Counting his dollars and counting his cents,
And devising plans to make ends meet
Till the pants he wears has holes in the seat.

The Moral is plain and needs no debate,
We've a hard row to hoe if we're not up-to-date.

DECEMBER.

O, it's love's sweet dream: how it swells upon the air!
His soul was filled with a rapture, there was music somewhere.
He rushed into the parlor, whence the strains seemed in store,
And caught this chilly chorus—"Sigh, Gentle Winds, Through Cracks in the Door."

TO MY HEART.

When the world's full o' gloom
  On a dark drizzlin' day,
An' we don't hardly know
  Where to find a bright ray;
No sunshine above us,
  And no green grass below,
An' we can't hardly feel
  Our dear old heart-pulse go;
It's then we're resortin'
  To our ole time schemin'
To get some cheer from things
  That's not what they're seemin';

So I say to my heart,
  In a light cheerin' way,
If there was no dark night
  There would be no light day;
An' if flowers didn't sleep
  They would all soon decay.
Oh, heart, quit repinin'
  And look for'ard to May;

Don't you see through the clouds,
  Through the mist and the spray,
Some glitterin' diamonds
  Jes across the dark way?

The Tulips are buddin'
And the Robin is here;
And the gloom of to-day
Will soon disappear
When the sun's bright raisin'
Is peepin' o'er yon hill,
An' warmin' the corners
With it's cheerin' good-will.

Oh, cheer up, my ole heart,
Let your pulse-beat be fast;
An' cling to the bright side,
Ere your pulse-beat is past.

LOVE.

Say, Dear Friend, if we'd be Loyal
Or thoughtfully True to ourself,
We'd have few great professors
With stacks of Law Books on the shelf.
We'd live in peace—we'd flank the devil
Because we'd live so square and level;
With Charity good so close in sight
That we'd never dream of locks at night,
An' know but little 'bout wrong an' right.

Out in the dark and stormy night
We see through mist a Flick'ring Light—
A taper placed there (not very bright);
It's the lone widow's cheerful mite,
Beck'nin' the needy if in sight
To share her scanty Fare to-night.

Oh, why not Love our neighbors true,
And each to others pledge anew
Till Light has spread the whole world thru
And not a soul is feelin' blue!

Commence right here some flowers to strew
With language Bright as mornin' dew,
That makes the old heart young an' new
An' guides the babes that round us grew
'Long paths of beauty, sweet and true.

It is not All of life to Live—
It is not All of death to Die;
A gentle Laugh means that we live
Above the moans of death an' sin,
And enjoy what God on earth has given
To fit us for a Home in Heaven.

Then Laugh that tear drop from your eye,
An' laugh away the coming sigh
That leads along the sob and cry;
Then when 'mid earth you're soon to lie,
You'll smilin' say to friends, "Good-Bye."
(Who'll be excused?)
They cannot help it (this is why),
A drop of Love came to their eye,

Love's the jewel that oft unfolds
A priceless gem to young an' old;
A taper that on darkest night
Lights up the way to Hope and Right;

A gem more priceless at our door
Than kings or queens e'er had in store
When Golden crowns the Romans bore.
That's lost—yes, gone for-ever-more.

Better they'd shunned the selfish pride
And at Love's shrine lay'd down and died.

THE RED-MAN'S DREAM.

O, I've come back to view the spot,
Where in Childhood's days I play'd
'Neath the low drooping branches,
Where my Mother's form was lay'd;
Where the tall Elms were bending
O'er the waters darkened crest,
And our home amid the wild-wood
That our Fathers loved the best.

CHORUS.

But the only thing I see
That looks Natural to me,
Is the bright, dancing ripples
On the waters of Maumee.

Though young, I still remember
How our crude old log canoe
Plied among the drooping willows
To evade the white man's view;
And how our tears were falling
When he drove us to the west,
Away from dear old Maumee,
And my Mother's place of rest.

CHORUS.

But the only thing I see
That looks Natural to me,
Is the bright, dancing ripples
On the waters of Maumee.

Oh, our home is broken up
And no Wig-wam can I see,
And my Mother's grave is mark'd
With the stub of the Elm Tree.
Oh, my heart is sad and lonely
Since I wandered from the west,
To view the scenes of Childhood
And my Mother's place of rest.

CHORUS.

But the only thing I see
That looks Natural to me,
Is the bright, dancing ripples
On the waters of Maumee.

THE OLE FARM AND MOTHER.

My father was a farmer, and I a farmer, too,
Grew up among the timber, like frontier people do;
We lived on Bear and Venison, and don't you think it funny
That Possum hides an' Coon-skins passed the same as money?
An' when our bank was busted (or stock was very low),
We stepped outside the Cabin an' shot the Buck and Doe;
For some of these hangin' round up 'g'inst the wall would do
To prove that we could manage to make our bank pull through.
We didn't have tall steeples, p'intin' to'rd the blue sky,
An' Preachers was as skeerce as Apple-butter pie;
But mother told us jis how, with a sweet smilin' sigh,
To secure a title clear to mansions in the sky;
An' every Sunday mornin' she'd read and sing and pray,
An' say, "Children, now be good, it's Holy Sabbath Day."
Many, many years have fled (but seems like yesterday)
Since the mud-chinked Cabin stood across the paved way,
With the sweet mornin' glories, winkin' at my dear mother
Through the half open door, where stood young baby brother
In his long, long, white nighty, gigglin' his breath away
At some wide-awake kitten, havin' a mornin' play.
But time goes by a-whizzin', an' the street cars are here,
Since father sold the old farm, an' mother shed a tear
On the good old garden spot, and other places dear,
When the city was buildin' an' movin' time was near.
She didn't jis like the changin', an' was allers so down
'Cause father built a big house, with buildin's all aroun',
So she couldn't have a chicken or rooster cacklin' 'roun',
Because the awful buildin's jis took up all the groun';

And when we came vis'tin', from ten miles out of town,
With several good sized children, to romp an' play around',
She'd turn them in the Parlor, an' laugh to see 'em go,
Doin' business jis the same as fifty years ago;
An' when we got to talkin' about our country home,
She'd ask about the Goslin's, and wish that she had *one*,
To waddle in the wash tub, or any other place,
To keep the city wrinkles from growin' on her face.
But they jis kept a growin', no matter what we'd say,
An' her mind kept wanderin' jis across the dark way,
Until old grim death's twilight gathered round her dear form,
An' her pulse-beat grew feeble, while her heart was yet warm;
For the dear, dear ole farm, an' children—three or four—
That used to sing and play aroun' the Cabin door;
An' who never will forget the voice that whispered low,
"My title reads so plainly; I'm ready, let me go."

THE BATTLE OF CLOYDE MOUNTAIN, VA.

Please note that on the south side of the mountain there is a beautiful slope of tillable land.

(As We Saw It.)

All day we marched and drove the foe,
Where Southern sun with wilting glow
Made hearts turn back to other days,
When peace and plenty crowned our ways.

Just as the sun went down at night
The Rebels showed some signs of fight;
'Neath summit of Cloyde Mountain Height,
On top of which they camped that night.

We pitched our tents, as Soldiers do,
(A little band of boys in blue)
With fear and pride, for well we knew
What on the morrow we must do.

We spread our blankets on the ground,
And all was quiet save the sound
Of Sentinels stationed round
To guard the Flag on traitor's ground.

The night was one of sore unrest,
For well we knew that at the best
Some must fall reaching the crest,
Where Rebel Forts were strongly dressed.

At early dawn, like Indians sly,
The Rebel pickets ventured nigh,
And shadow'd 'round our will to try
To clamber up the Mountain high.

"To arms! To arms!" our leader cried,
"Honor our Nation's greatest pride;
Follow the Flag in order wide
And sweep the rugged mountain side."

Our boys climbed up the ragged hill
O'er rocks and cliffs, firing at will;
While the Rebel guns were not less still,
Each claiming right some graves to fill.

Out on the left and far to right
The boys in blue, with steady might,
Pressed their way to the Mountain height,
Where the boys in gray had planned to fight.

While we, with cannons twelve or more,
And horses fresh from Northern store,
Were wending our way on roads galore,
Like winding stairs to the Rebel door.

While halting for a moment there,
'Mid screaching shell and lurid glare,
We plainly saw the earth works where
Grim death seemed in our face to stare.

Where two small armies, Blue and Gray,
Mingling fierce in bloody fray;
In turns the long lines seemed to sway,
But the boys in Blue were there to stay.

"Forward," again our Captain said,
Then dashing frontward 'mong the dead,
Near Rebel works so grim and dread,
Our long black guns some terror spread.

While the boys in Blue, with smaller arms,
Recovering from their first alarms,
Dashed forward cross the open farms
With bayonets fixed that wrought some charms.

Our front and rear was guarded well,
While our flanks, with bayonet and yell,
Regained the ground where many fell
In a little charge the Boys called hell.

Just then the bugle, shrill and loud,
Said, "Forward," and through blackest cloud
Of smoke and fire and war cry loud
The day was ours—and we were proud.

Then pulling down the Rebel rag,
We rallied round the dear Old Flag,
And sang a song in boyish glee
'Bout homes, mixed up with Liberty.

Now, we are old, but ever true
To all the stars on field of blue,
Amid our colors pure as dew
Or thoughts that with our Lincoln grew.

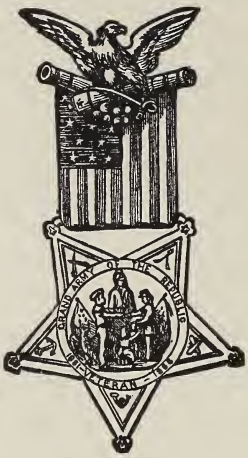
And ripened into golden light,
That shone through clouds of darkest night,
Long paths that led to peace and right,
Till Nations bowed to the Man of Might.

Oh, Men of State, ye chosen few,
Honor the trust that's given you;
Honor it well, be brave and true—
In short, just be a Lincoln, too.

Stand by the right both day and night;
See that the Flag's kept clean and bright;
Tear down the wrong, build up the right,
And the World will Bow when you're in sight.

WHAT WAS THE DREAM?

Say, dear old Comrade, I had a dream last night.
Sit down on this stool, I want to tell you right
Where the weird thing begun, and how it extended
Through a whole night's run. I guess you are tired.
Take a cigar and smoke. It will settle your nerves.
(Now that is no joke.) For fifty long years,
After taking my feed, I have made blue curls
From the Virginia weed, and have come to believe
If it don't create wealth, its a real good thing,
For an old Soldier's health. Excuse me, old boy;
Here's a little stick, with fire on one end.
It's a Yankee trick. All you have to do
Is give a quick stroke, then suck the cigar
And you'll see the smoke. All right, let 'er go.
But don't pull so hard; you're filling the Parlor
And the whole back yard. Hark! The Landlady comes,
Tripping light as a mouse. She'll give us a key
To a real smoke house. Say, let us slip out
By yonder side door, and hike 'round the corner
To Anderson's store; for she'll have us locked up
The same as a tramp, for using her house
Like an Army camp, I'll tell you my dream
When I feel more prime. Come on—double quick—
We must not lose time, for there's nothing on earth
Would give us less sport than an hour or two
In the Ole Judge's Court.
There's nothin' to it but a lot o' smoke,
But it will help fill the book,
An' pass for a joke.



G. A. R.

Lay us gently away
Where the wild Lilies bloom,
And the sweet flowers of May
Yield their fragrant perfume.

Let us quietly rest—Rest
On the brow of yon hill,
Where the Nightingale sings
O'er our grave at her will.

And plant there some emblem
Of friendship, dear and true,
That closely resembles
The dear Flag we leave you.

As a token of Loyalty
That behind us remain,
With its stripes unblemished,
And its Stars without stain.

Press it close to your heart,
And prove friendly and true
To the lessons that go
With our Red, White and Blue.

For we are lonely now
Since our Comrades have fled,
And we long to be where
The Snow White Camps are spread
Far, far, out at the front,
Where a million or more
Have answered to Roll Call
Through the years gone before,

And are waiting to-day
On the ever-green shore,
To welcome our Spirit
That can linger no more.

Hark! We hear the Bugle
Near the end of our route;
It's the signal for rest,
And—Our Light Has Gone Out.

CHEERFULNESS.

While the snowflakes are falling
On the banks of Maumee,
And the leaves have all fallen
From Rosebush and Tree,

We walk and we sleep,
And we sleep and walk,
And between the acts
Have a friendly talk
With some jolly Lad
We meet on the street
Not caring so much
For the clothes he wears,
Or the primped mustache
Of a few scattered hairs,

As the way he greets us
Every day—all the while—
With a "Hello, Billie"
And a nice, pleasing smile.

That gently uplifts us
As we're tripping along,
Far above the level
Of the day's motley throng,

Who are jolting and jamming
Their nestlings to feed,
With no recreation
On account of their greed.

For once never thinking
That the day cut in three
Gives eight hours for labor
And leaves much time, you see,

To rest, read and refresh,
Which means lots of sport
To make up the grand whole
Of a good day's report.

His profession to me
Is no matter of care,
And I don't give a cent
For his fine curly hair;

If he only will give us
Some good innocent fun,
I would chance my dear life
For the son-of-a-pun;

And would stay by his side
Till his life ebbed away,
If I found the good fellow
Could no longer stay

To drive away sorrow
And head off a sad tear,
That is coming to all
When there's no one to cheer.

Oh, it's so much, much better
To laugh—laugh than to cry,
Though we're nearing—yes, near—
The "Sweet Bye and Bye."

Where we all hope and trust
There'll be no Tit-for-Tat,
And we with the Angels
May laugh—laugh and grow Fat.

A TARDY BREAKFAST.

On a cool November morn,
When we lay'd abed quite late,
Wife threw the warm cov'rin' back
And said, "The clock's strikin' eight."

We hurried down the long, cold stair
And lit the fine kindlin' wood,
And soon had a good, warm fire
To prepare our mornin' food.

Then I stepped into the parlor
To punch the big heater there,
While wife was mixin' Buckwheat
For part of the mornin' fare.

Soon I heard the loud clatter
Of plates out on the table,
And everything was steamin'
From kitchen floor to gable.

Just then I happened to think
The Mornin' Journal-Gazette
(It always comes so early,
Its columns with dew are wet,)

Was layin' outside the door
Bilin' over with the news,
And some spicy little gems
Used as tonic for the blues.

So I picked it up to read
And while the long time away;
It seemed the call to breakfast
Would never come that day.

Just then my dear, gentle wife,
With countenance all awry,
Said, "I've toiled with that 'ere Buckwheat
Till I feel like I would die."

"What's that," said I, "My good wife?"
As I peeped around the door,
And saw the broken pancakes
In a slop tub on the floor.

Then I rushed into the kitchen
On investigation bent,
When I found—to my surprise—
She'd baked up my Cement.

MORAL.

Next time I go a-shoppin'
For some stuff to mend a crack,
I'll tell my wife the Buckwheat
Is in the other sack.

A frog sat on a floatin' log,
An' what do you think he said?
O, nothin'.
It was a croakin' frog that sat on the log,
An' they say he has croaked himself dead
For nothin'.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

Oh, why should the white man follow my path
Like the hound on the track of the hare?
Does the flush on our dark cheek 'waken his wrath
That our hopes and our joys he don't spare?

Oh, sadly we look on the barren plain
That was once the great pride of our life,
When amid the dense forests we wandered
With our little, dark children and wife.

Oh, tell us Great Spirit, oh, tell us where,
The stars look down on a spot to spare,
That may once more be the Red Man's joy
And a native home for his wild-wood boy.

We knew not the strength of our pale-face foe,
When his tracks we saw 'mid leaves and snow,
Near camp-fires burning with cheerful glow
'Mong the darkened haunts of the Buck and Doe.

Oh, sad were our dreams and sadder the heart
When orders came to pack, and depart
To'rd the setting sun and dark water's crest,
Before whose billows we halt for rest.

Oh, tell us, Spirit, if beyond the tide
There is not some cheer our hopes to chide;
Where the pale-face warrior ne'er more can come
With alarming strains of his Fife and Drum.

Sadly we gaze on the mist and the spray
And storm tossed waves that before us lay,
While the pale-face warrior, both night and day,
Guards well the homes where our hearts oft stray.

To drink from the brooks and dark-shaded rill
'Mid the tangled vines where the Whip-poor-will
Breaks the silence of night with her sad refrain,
Near the spot where many braves were slain.

Oh, dear Spirit, tell us—our eyes o'erflow—
Tell us, oh, tell us, where shell we go
Ere the heart-broken band that still remain
Lie withered on the leafless plain.

Like an Eagle caged, we pine to return
To the native wilds and our camp-fires burn
'Mid the elms that bend o'er the water's crest
And our Father's home, which we love the best.

INCIDENTAL.

No matter what our station,
We're all inclined to sin;
And when we rush to battle,
With sad hopes and fears within,
We are thinking of our firesides—
Of children dear and home,
Whether its the simple Wigwam
Or Palace with a dome.

If the flower that smiles to-day to-morrow dies,
Or some tempting idol from your presence flies,
Don't think this fair world has lost it's delight;
When the clouds shed their tears the sun will be bright.

THE FARMER'S HOLIDAY.

When the frost is on the melon, an' the pumpkin vine is dry,
An' the cattle's 'round the straw-stack an' the pig is in the sty;

An' the cider barrel's layin' with it's bung o' straw pulled out,
An' the kitchen's full o' cabbage, where we make the 'sour-krout';

An' the cellar's bilin' over with an' appetizin' show
Of the rarest, big red apples that in Daddy's orchard grow;

An' the taters an' the turnips that we buried in the groun',
Would be quite enough to keep us while on earth we're hangin' 'roun'.

We injoy the indercation that the winter's comin' nigh,
When the cattle's round the straw-stack an' the pig is in the sty.

An' we're not afraid o' starvin', as we travel down life's pike,
An' nobody's interferin' when the farmer's on a strike.

Now, really, my dear, good neighbor, settin' out on yander fence,
Do you think it jis a matter of some wonderous luck or chance

That our children's in the schoolroom, in clothin' good an' warm,
Or that this bit o' business is runnin' without a form,

Or without a bit o' labor when the sun is bilin' hot?
Don't you think it, my dear neighbor, for we planned an' thought an' wrought

From the time we heard the robin, at daylight's earliest dawn,
Till the comin' o' the cow-bell told us night was comin' on.

An' sometimes even more, Brother, as we sauntered to and fro,
An' the plow among the stubborn roots kept a movin' mighty slow.

We jis kep right on a plowin' an' when the plow struck a rock,
An' the handle hit me crazy-bone an' give me a mighty shock,

Instead of sayin' cuss words that don't never make things grow,
We gently rubbed the spot and said, "Thank God, From Whom All Blessin's Flow."

An' then we'd give ole Bill a jerk, an' set the plow a-goin',
An' slowly we'd move along, with thoughts that no one's knowin'.

Well, the hot summer months are past, an' the Autumn leaves are red,
An' the golden fields o' harvest's lookin' kind o' sear and dead

But we're not dead nor dyin', an' we would not if we could,
For we'll have 'nuf fun this winter to off-set the cost o' wood.

Our Boys have got some walnuts, an' the Girls have each a beau,
An' we've a good warm place to sleep, so the winter won't be slow.

Besides, we'll have some visitors, for they never git a snub,
An' are allers made so welcome to our household and our grub,

When the frost is on the melon an' the pumpkin vine is dry,
An' the cattle's round the straw-stack an' the pig is in the sty.

A NIGHT WITH THE POETS.

Come where the sweet birds sing
'Mid the dew and the flowers,
And rest from your dull cares
For a few passing hours,

With the Poet whose thoughts
Build a Heaven on earth,
Surrounded with beauty
And rare innocent mirth.

That gently up-lifts us
And disperses the gloom
That shuts out the bright light,
That is asking for room;

Don't think for a minute
That his very plain verse
Is simply a jingle
And is not worth a curse.

Rather note with some care
How he finds 'mid the dross,
In the pile of old rubbish
That's covered o'er with moss,

Some gems that are lovely,
Which he hails with delight;
And rejoices to know
That in God's Holy light,

We may look where we will,
And there's something in sight
Of which Angels may sing
And the good Poets write,

And bring out a fine thought
That ne'er goes very wrong
When taken from nature,
And proclaimed in sweet song;

That swells in loud anthems
In the Church here below,
When we praise the Good Lord,
From whom all blessings flow.

The real poetical mind
Is indeed very rare—
A firm inclination
That Nature planted there

To serve some good purpose
'Long dear life's changing role,
While the tenement is yet
The abode of the Soul.

His home is with the birds,
With the stars and flowers,
And the low, drooping shade.
Of green tinted bowers,

Where he's oft to be seen
'Side the sweet babbling brook
(When he's not drinking deep
From some good Author's Book).

Or perchance at the Lake,
Where the White-lilies grow,
He is dipping his oars
Where it's most hard to row.

Intently he's working
In a secluded spot,
To extract from Nature
What in school is not taught;

And all the while humming
Some sweet uplifting verse,
That contains a fine thought
He loves to rehearse;

That so fittingly blends
With the musical chimes
Of the evening Church Bells
And his own choice rhymes;

That inspires the Parson
Some selections to make,
That will cheer his members
And keep them partly awake.

Oh, it's so inspiring,
And you'll learn to know it
If you heed our head-lines,
A Night With the Poets.

The Author at Home.

WHEN THE ROBIN'S BUILT HER NEST.

When the Robin's built her nest an' the Wood-pecker's 'roun'
Hammerin' on a limb jis because he likes the soun',
Say! It's then, don't you know, I jis like bein' 'roun'
With a rusty ole hoe—a-foolin' with the groun'.

It seems a bit like livin' when the Cabbage in the row
Has passed the time of wiltin' an' jis begins to grow;
And every time we pass it seems ter whisper low,
"The Dan-der-lin's are startin'—Say, Dad, where is your hoe?"

An' the Tulips yonder, with dew drops in their eye,
Drink in the early sunlight to make 'em warm an' dry;
It's 'bout enough to make a gay young maiden sigh
For the beauty she saw when she was passin' by.

I ain't hankerin' for a ride among the clouds,
Takin' careless chances for nice new stylish shrouds;
Jis an ole fashioned wagon is good enough for me,
Cause I don't care fer flyers in air, on earth or sea.

An' I don't care a peach what anybody's sayin',
Or to what kind o' fads the people's all a-strayin';
Give me the good ole hoe an' a piece of Nater's groun',
An' I'll be jis as happy as any man in town.

IN MEMORIAM.

Extract from a notable speech on the Battlefield at Gettysburg, and dedicated to the Hundredth Birthday Anniversary of the person whose day-dream in early manhood was afterward recognized as the inspiration that led a nation along lines of Love, Honor and Right, through darkest night into the glorious light of an unselfish freedom that in all the World has immortalized the name of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Oh, wondrous words from a Nation's head,
When at Gettysburg our Lincoln said,
"We came here just a bit too late
This glorious field to dedicate."

In a minor sense, we believe it's well
To arrange the ground where brave men fell,
Honoring the Flag and noble cause
Of Liberty, Love and Humane Laws.

But they themselves have hallow'd the ground
With freedom's offerings in yonder mound.
(Then we see his fingers pointing where
The sons of our mothers lie buried there.)

But stern duty called his thoughts away
From the loved ones in his mind that day,
To the subject of his Boyhood dream
That now leaped forth with a brighter beam.

And, dwelling on the affairs of state,
Said, "Better that here we dedicate
Ourselves to the work those men begun
Until the sad task is done—well done—

"And our freedom under supreme command
Has taken a higher and better stand,
And our Flag is honored on Land and Sea
As the guide to Love and Liberty."

THE STRIKE.

FIRST EDITION.

The subject of this poem was born and reared amid the customs of a rural home, married the girl he loved and for many years endured the events of shop and city life. Another strike finds him unprepared to meet the home demands, and he says to his wife,

Let's go a-visitin', back to the old home,
Where cattle are grazin' on fields where they roam;
That was once a forest of all kinds of wood
That we piled in heaps, on the ground where it stood;
An' then some Autumn nights, when the leaves were dry,
We were happy as crickets to see the sparks fly,
An' the pictures they made on the clouds in the sky
Made us think we were Artists when the flames leaped high.
Let's go a-visitin', back to the old farm,
An' walk down the lane, 'twill do us no harm.
I want to see the old farm, and the mill pond beside,
Where the boys and girls used to run and slide;
An' ole Nancy Jane, in her homespun frock,
Out tendin' the chickens and feedin' the stock.
I want to get away from the wild, noisy din
Of the hustlin' city and all that's within.
I am tired of diamonds and the show they reveal—
Yes, I want to go back where everything is real.
I want to see the ground, where the sugar was made,
Before Father cut down the sweet maple shade;
An' get a good breath of the fresh mornin' air
That betinted our cheeks, when my Mother was there.
I want to see the girls with their pails full of milk,
An' their blue jean dresses, without a thread of silk;
These I could not forget if it cost me my life,
For out of this plain bunch I got my dear good wife.
I'd like to see the boys in a four-hand round,
With Sally in the middle, keepin' time to the sound

"Let us walk down the lane
It will do us no harm."

Of a hand-made fiddle, which, true as I am born,
Was made by my old uncle for a bushel ears of corn.
I wonder if the cornstalks still grow heavy and tall,
An' the pumpkin vines 'neath their shadows do sprawl.
It seems like a weird dream, and brings a tear to me eye,
When I think of me Mother and the sweet rounded pie,
An' the mush and the milk, that was good, you can bet,
As served in big tin cups when the table was set;
An' Father an' Mother, on their ole bended knee,
Thanked God for the board and a fam'ly of three.
Let's go a-visitin', back to the ole place,
An' talk to the neighbors—I want to see their face;
I want to see the folks that lived over the hill,
Back of Father's log-cabin, and not far from the mill.
They were so good to all, and would come down to see
If we wanted some apples from a lone rambo tree
That stood by the way-side, between the house and the gate,
An' was loaded with fruit that we reckoned first rate.
If I could think the name, I would just set it down
An' send them a letter, when the mail man comes round,
An' say, "We are comin' in a week—or about;"
For they would be tickled, and would not turn us out
When I tell them my name is George Washington Frick,
Who helped do the chores when their Father was sick
With the ole-fashioned ager, that made his bones rattle
So he could not care for his horses and cattle.
Let's go a-visitin', it will do us some good,
An', besides this, we'll save some provisions an' wood.
If the weather is clear, say—one week from to-day;
We'll have plenty of time and a long while to stay.
We'll have a Christmas dinner when we've landed down there,
An' will save some money, " 'count of the Holiday fare."
I wonder if they'll think we are growing quite ole,
(I wish that the wrinkles did not stand out so bold.)
Well, we must brace right up and put on our best smile,
An' be guests of honor after the city's style.
I can get a silk hat from my brother-in-law,
(If his wife don't grumble and put in her jaw)

An' the rest of my clothes looks very clean and neat,
Except my latest pants has some holes in the seat,
Which is not a matter that is worthy of note,
As that will be covered with my evening dress-coat.
An' dear wife, you're all right since you joined the Bon Club—
You'll have the best of clothes if we do without grub.
Now, so far as this goes, I think we're all hunk,
An' all that is lackin' is a good roomy trunk;
Not so much on account of the clothes we must pack,
As because of the things we expect to fetch back.
We will have a big time, for every New Year night
They have a first-class dance and a free-for-all-fight.
There ain't no big prizes—it's a knockout for fun;
So, when one gets enough, he can jump up and run.
Now, dear, if you're ready, we'll get up and hike;
I'm told that tomorrow our Shop joins the Strike,
An' I'd rather be out where boys fight for fun,
Than to figure for bread, right in front of a Gun.

SECOND EDITION.

"Well, George, since you've got back to the old smoky city,
You're lookin' very fine, indeed—almost pretty;
The dust from the old shop that was on your fair brow,
Has all disappeared, and—and you look good, somehow.
I'm thinkin' the old farm, with its plain, quiet life,
Must have been a great thing for you and your wife."

"Well, yes. But plain! Ah, no; and as for the quiet,
You'll learn somewhat better when you go and try it.
Between you and me, Bill, here's a word on the square,
Our good city people build castles in the air,
An' plunge straight ahead, quite deaf to the rumble
That precedes the dark day of all kinds of tumble.
To all such I would say, it would do them no harm
To spend a few full years on their old uncle's farm,
Where everything must go in a conservative way,
An' bring in some profit at the end of each day.

Say, Billy, it's cold out here; we'd better step inside.
This old betattered suit let's some wind on my hide;
I have nothing to do. Are you tired? Well, sit down
An'—say, Bill, has the strike nearly done us brown?"

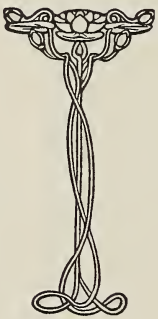
"Oh, no; nothing to it, only the time we have lost,
An' the whole lot of grief to our families it cost;
It's the same old story of the struggle and cry,
When we lost our good job in the years that's gone by.
Say, here's the whole story, in a neat little shell:
The allowance is cut—now isn't that nearly—well,
George, I want to know more about your trip back east,
For you look like you'd had a long, protracted feast."

"Well, that is all right, Bill, you are near the right guess;
We had three meals a day and a whole lot of rest.
That's the way they do things on our ole uncle's lands,
An' he's got a family that's near a full brass band;
An' he's learned them all, down to the youngest tot,
That the right tune to strike is when the iron's hot.
So, that like the cute squirrel under the sun's warm rays,
They create a big store for the long winter days;
An' the boys and the girls have a whole lot of fun,
From the eldest gay miss to the bright youngest son;
An', to sum it all up, they're as merry a go
As the best you can find in a comedy show.
Of course, we had sometimes a nice, long, sober chat,
But we credit the fun for the most of our fat;
But for all o' that, Bill, when I viewed the old farm,
I looked on the new scene with some thoughts that don't charm;
I thought of the great chance that was held out to me,
On the porch of the cabin, in the year Seventy-three;
When mother said, 'George, since you've taken a wife,
You'd better stay right here,—at least part of your life;
An' Father will help you, and you know I will, too.
Better work the old farm; it's the best thing to do.'
But I had in my mind a gilt castle quite high,
'Long the city's paved streets; and I said, 'No, not I.'

Well, Bill, it's all past now, and you think as you like;
I have always been out since my very first strike;
An' refer to the day, with a sorrowful sigh,
When I said, 'Oh, no, no,' to my Mother and—Good-bye."

MORAL.

See, girls, you can bank on the other girl's brother,
If the other girl's brother banks on his mother.



DER GRISMAS GREEDING.

Der ish a young Dutch-man come in der town to lif,
Unt he's got vone fine fodder, you bedder belief;
His name ish Hans Keyser, vot lifs on der hill,
Unt he owns dot young Dutchman vot nefer ish still.

Of you bets on dot Dutchman, you ain't be dezeive,
Vor vone eyes bein' oben von morning dill efe;
Unt von der night comes, und fodder voult rest,
Der onder eye obens 'fore fodder's undressed;
Unt all der nights long he dond dinks it zome harm
To look vor zome dangers und gif der alarm.

I guess he vill bien a Derdecdive some days,
Unt show Ungle Zam how to gif 'em vare blays;
Den his broud olt fodder vill laugh unt grow vat,
Unt say mit his vifes, "Vot yer dinks uv dot?"

Vell, ve vill not find some faults mit der leedle ladt,
Vot keeps us ub nights und makes us feel badt;
Vor it zeems ter me in dem vorlt uv strive,
Dot vide-awake boys vill be der joys uv our life.

Ve vill guart vell his stebs vile some olter he grows,
Unt see he ain't git zome red baint at his nose;
Vor der boy vot can sleeb mitout shutting his eyes
Vill see somedings dot vill make him vise.

So here ish a dost von ole Zanda Claus,
Vot comes down der chimley unt don't make some noise.
Gif me der boys vot is vide-a-vake,
Vor dot ish der boys vot dakes der cake.

Blease say mit der ladt dot ve vish him goot luck
Mit somedings ve sent him to chaw unt suck;
Unt a Grismas Greeding to der fodder unt mudder,
Vot owns der boys mit no leedle brudder.

THE FEMALE TRAMP.

A tramp once came to our kitchen door,
Begging for food and something more;
Though somewhat touched with the sad sight,
Closing the door, we said, "Good night."

We felt we'd not the time to spare,
But knew the lowly should have care;
Yet did not feel that we were free
To heed her cries for sympathy.

We wondered where her home could be,
And how her friends could bear to see
One quite so young and tender, too,
Out in the dark—mid cold and dew.

Day after day she wandered 'round,
Leaving her tracks on the cold, wet ground;
We knew 'twas her, for the feet were bare
That matched the tramp with frizzled hair.

Once more she ventured to our door
With sadder looks than e'er before,
Imploring us with feeble cry
To take her in to live or die.

Our sympathy was overdone,
Our hearts were full—too full for fun;
We gave her food and shelter, too,
And kept her while she older grew.

Until she mated with a lad
That turned out—whether good or bad—
At least his wife was not his joy,
And he never saw his little boy.

The baby grew a month or two
And thrived as healthy children do,
Until one day with light'ning stride
The mother flew down stairs and cried.

And turning round, to our surprise,
A scene pathetic met our eyes;
The mother's babe lay at our feet,
Cold, cold in death, but plump and sweet.

The little tramp had watched it die,
But we could never tell just why
She came to us to weep and cry,
And force a tear-drop to our eye.

With wooden slab to mark the place
Where sleeps the babe with upturned face,
Under the Shade Tree—under the sod—
Away from care and the chast'ning rod.

It sleeps the sleep that knows no waking;
But the girlish tramp is not mistaking
Our care for her while she's on earth,
And pays the bill with love and mirth.

Tramps always seem to know and find
The place where they are treated kind;
When one has come we always find
That sev'ral more's not far behind.

Now, we have two—a boy and girl—
Big Buster Brown and Pettie Pearl;
You'll find us here—though we are old—
The whole bunch sheltered from storm and cold;

And though sometimes they're in the way,
And for their board we have to pay,
We never will regret the day
When two *tramp cats* came here to stay.

BABES OF THE WOODS.

We are dreaming to-day of the wild native ground,
Where once the rough timber lay scattered around;
And the fleet young Deer, with a nimble bound,
Leaped through the brush at the strange sound
Of the woodman's ax, when fellin' a tree,
Near the Wild-wood garden of a Home-to-be.
Aye, it's not all a dream while here we stand,
Where the Cabin stood mid the forest grand;
And we childlike play'd where soft winds fanned
The near hopeless spark of a new-born land.
Not all a dream when in vision we see
What has sprung from the root of Liberty's Tree,
Where the sons of our Fathers are happy and free,
'Neath it's branches that spread from sea to sea.
Not all a dream through a seeming weird eye,
Is the fruitfulness of many long years gone by;
Then let us dream on of the Frontier Shade,
And the Moss-covered Cabin our forefathers made.
Hither and thither with a lightning glance,
We see through the dark mist in a waking trance,
Where 'long life's crooked lane we chance to roam,
New beauties that are traced to the Old Cabin Home,
Where the bravest of manly braves were born,
Among the rough, clumpy brush and Indian corn;
Where the poor, scanty morsel the family ate
Was the result of Toil and clean Honest Sweat.
Coming back from scenes mid the forests deep,
Some thoughts of the present around us creep;
And we see upon tablets very high in air
That our Frontier Fathers great honors share;

While history points with rare pride to tell
Of the great and good whose memories dwell,
That were rocked amid scenes of the dingy room,
In the small, gloomy haunts of the Wild Cabin Home,
Where the lessons of Love and fair Manly strife
Was the first thing taught 'long the line of life;
A lesson by the Mother, ambitious and wise,
Who patiently watched the young plant slowly rise.
Till, because of the Duties the Home entails,
He's learned to chop wood and split the rails;
And from plain nature glean what knowledge he can
To mix with the labor that makes a strong man;
Whose ambitions now backed with power and will
And ready for books and a place in the mill,
To grasp for a wealth more precious than gold—
The treasure awarded young Lincoln of old:
The LOVING HEARTS of his countrymen.

SNOW FLAKES.

"See, mamma, it snows. Say, can't I go out an' stand
Where those pretty, small, white Angels can light on my hand—
Where papa's fixin' the ole sled? Now, won't it be grand!
He says that we'll go ridin' an' have fun to beat the band.
Papa got some dogwood for soles out among the brush
An' bored some holes with an auger, an' said 'Hush'!
An' don't you know the new painted wagon box papa made
Jis fits to a 'T.' I know it, 'cause everybody said
That the Joneses' bob haint got sich a nice shiny red,
An' don't hol' a candle to papa's ole home-made sled.
An' I'm tickled to death—say, mamma, cause papa said
We'd go out to-night and, I forget—oh, 'paint 'em red.'
Mamma, what did papa mean by 'paint 'em red?'
He looked so all-over pleased when them words he said.
Now, don't say a word, mamma, we're goin' to
Surprise somebody. You know papa does what he tries.
Mamma, you look so funny—does papa ever tell lies?
When I was out there papa said so much 'bout this and that,
An' his very last words was, 'Keep it under yer hat.'
Please, mamma, do you know what he meant by that?
Does he really want me to hide my new Sunday rat,
Or do you think he was jokin' or somethin' like that?
Keep it under my hat—my Merry Widow hat!
That covers 'most an acre (my heart goes pitty-pat)—
I'll never do it, mamma, if I lose my head an' rat."
"Oh, never mind, my dear, you almost set me wild.
Papa loves you darling; you're his greatest joy, my child.
He only meant if you'd keep your mouth real tight
We'd surprise the Smiths and Joneses an' have some fun to-night.
Now, say, keep real quiet—if already the cat's not out—
We'll give 'em a surprise that'll jis 'bout knock 'em out."

"Mamma, here comes the sled and papa's ole gray mare,
Lookin' jis about as shiny as the ice we see out there;
Better put our wraps on, fur Fanny's feelin' grand,
A-keepin' time to jinglin' bells—papa cannot make her stand;
I wonder if she'll skeer when she sees me comin' near
Under this monster hat; say, mamma, don't you fear?
Well, if you don't, I don't—git up, O gee.
Auntie, put the kittle on, we'll all take tea.
I'm nearly out of breath, mamma, tired as I can be.
Let me kiss you for my grand-ma an' climb on papa's knee;
I love you, darling mamma, but I want to find a place
Where those naughty little flakes can't kiss my tender face."

If I was a lady an' wanted a man,
I'd do like the rest—do the best I can.
Yer can't allers tell, between you an' me,
Jis the kind o' stuff's in the heart of a tree.

WHISPERS FROM NATURE.

When the moon's looking down
Through the soft silv'ry gray,
At the quiet dawning
Of a morning in May.

And we're out for a walk
On the banks of Maumee,
Where the vines are clinging
To the stately old Tree;

And the willows below,
With trembling unrest,
Are kissing the ripples
On the dark water's crest;

And the lights give color
To the diamonds of dew,
That's on the bright green leaves
Between us and the blue;

And the birds sing praises
'Mid the twilight array,
And flit 'mong the branches,
Still wet with the spray;

And the hill-top yonder
Has caught the first bright ray
Of the crowning beauty
Of a morning in May.

With a lingering glance
At the entrancing view,
We turn from the bright scene
'Mid the water and dew,

And lo! As we're merging
From the dark, leafy bow'r,
The seeming few minutes
Have been a good hour.

And the Sun's looking down
On the valley below,
And we have before us
A great world in rich glow.

Then a voice seems to whisper:
"Let your mind soar above,
And thank God for a world
That proclaims His Great Love."

The curtain's drawn, we're on the stage,
The young, the old an' middle aged;
If you do the act as best you can
You'll be a star—in yer place, young man.

THE WORLD'S ON WHEELS.

The World's on Wheels—it's movin' fast,
Leavin' its trail on the golden past;

Some are out on the ocean fair,
Watchin' the waves that's rollin' there;
Forgetful of the threat'nin' cloud
That's tenderin' them a wat'ry shroud.
On deck they stand with tremblin' hand,
Beck'nin' only the white-caps grand,
That's playin' with the beach o' sand.

'Mid lightnin' flash and lurid glare,
With storm and dark clouds ev'rywhere,
The proud ship's yielded to despair—
The crew is gone—pray tell us where.

A train o' cars goes flittin' by.
We're on the train—we know not why,
Unless it is because we're shy
Of Home and Friends and want to fly.

The train moves swiftly down the slope,
We're full o' joy and laughing hope
That sometime we may faster go
In way's that's not so mighty slow;
Just then the train switched to one side
And landed in a river wide,
Then the mornin' papers galore
Said, "All Were Lost," and nothin' more.

We see an Auto passin' by,
Carryin' a Merry Widder shy;
An' surgin' down the thoroughfare
She's filled the seats with Ladies Fair—
The kind that have the Time to Spare—
An' away they go—jis—God knows where.

Later we learned they bought a flyer,
An' left their machine in mud and mire
For a little Sport 'bout one mile Higher,
Because of Wheels and Earth they tire.

A Notion then got in their head,
While through the Air they gently sped,
That Cook and Peary were too slow,
So they decided to the Pole they'd go.
They seemed to understand their craft,
An' steering north they laughed and laughed,
An' said, "It's fine to Do and Dare
To settle the Cook and Peary affair."

Miss O'Leary, the lady of Irish descent,
Was honored with votes for President;
Then to laugh and cheer they all gave vent,
An' said they'd spend their Last Red Cent
To find some tracks of Men who blow
'Bout Findin' a pole in the Arctic Snow
(Where on foot no mortal soul could go;
They'd freeze to Death—they would, by Joe).
Shoo-fly, shoo! Say, Girls, this is great—
I wonder if we're still in the Hoosier state;
See, the sun is low, it's gittin' late.
How will we know if we're goin' straight?

Samantha had a Compass in her handy grip,
But she said it fell out when she boarded the ship;
Then Miss O'Leary, with a tremblin' lip,
Said, "It's all off for us as well as our ship.
Oh, I wish we'd ne'er heard of the Ice-clad Pole,
For it's all it's fault that we took this stroll;
If it was not so dark when we come to a town
We'd un-gear the blamed thing an' let 'er drop down."

Just then the proud ship swayed to and fro,
An' to save our lives we could not make 'er go;

An' in the dark, dim twilight we did not see
That her guy rope had caught on the limb of a tree.
So there suspended between Heaven and Earth,
We spent the long night—with no sign of mirth;
An' now we are dreaming (an' guessin' it's not daffy)
We resembled the old Maid that was Hairless and
Cappy.

But mornin' dawned and a Rooster crow'd,

And the voice of that Shanghai ev'ry
one of us know'd;
He used to call us both night and
morn
For a drink of water and a lot o' corn.
Our ship had lowered during the night,
So we plainly saw through the misty light;
Then with Eyes o'erflowing at the welcome sight,
We sang "Sweet Home" with all our might.

Now, how this ending came about,
Our heads too thin to figure out;
Enough to know that with some expense
Our lives were saved through Providence;

Now, we'll be honest like people of ole,
Though we done our best to reach the goal;
You'll find no aprons tacked to the pole,
Or tracks of slippers out in the cold;
We ask not wealth or jeweled crowns
Hung up in cities an' smaller towns;
Just give us a place of credit fair
With lots of folks who never was there.

Now, our experience, so we are tole,
In trying to reach the Frozen Pole
Varies so much from brave Doctor Cook,
That it's not worth while to write a Book.

DEDICATED TO OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS EVERYWHERE

MAY 30, 1910

Hark! We hear the Bugle sounding.
Once more with solemn tread,
We march with Floral offerings
Among our silent dead.

Once more we call to memory
Our Camp-fires on the field,
Where we shared each other's blanket
With freedom that was real;

And in sad imaginations
The field of Carnage is seen,
Where we shared the smoke of battle
And each other's good Canteen.

For the dear Old Flag above us
And the Firesides at home,
Where the family vainly waited
For one who never came.

To return the kiss that Mother
Pressed upon his dear young brow,
When she gave him to our Country—
We'll not forget her now.

Or the aged Veteran, who to-day
Will march with slowly tread,
In Honor of dear Old Glory—
By honoring its dead.

Hark! We hear the Bugle sounding
Near the end of life's short route;
Soon the Nation's old defenders
Will all be mustered Out.

WAR IS HELL.

"War is hell," brave Sherman said,
When on the field his soldiers lay'd,
Mangled and torn by shot and shell,
Where in a charge some thousands fell.
All honor to our Leaders true,
Who urged the boys in lines of blue;
But while your thoughts 'long these lines run,
Don't forget the Lad
Behind the Gun.

We've advertised our humble rank
In this little home-like Souvenir,
That we have written for our wife
And many friends to us most dear;
And when you scan its pages thru,
And turn back to think of this anew,
You'll point with pride to grandma's son,
Who stood so Pat
Behind the Gun.

We love our dear old General,
And our dashing Captain, too;
But we find a little balance
Ferninst the private brave and true;
And the girls at home—our sweet-hearts—
Who writ letters so full o' fun,
And said good-bye to mamma
For the Man Behind the Gun.

We love the stars in field o' blue,
That means each one a loyal state;
All bound by sacred ties that make
Our Nation's Flag so dear and great.
Then rally round our emblem, boys,
Whether you wore the blue or gray;
We'll shake your hand and join your band
If you'll keep your Treason away;
America must indeed be one,
To keep the Man
From Behind the Gun.

Now, Generals—and Privates, too—
Let's all be good, both Gray and Blue;
And live in peace and with the blest
March on to God's eternal rest,
Where never more beneath the sun
We'll need a Man
Behind the Gun.

The ole oaken bucket that hung in the well
Is worthy of thought while it's story we tell;
But it's moss-covered sides have no charms for us now,
Since we've drank from the pail 'neath our fresh Jersey cow.

BACK TO OUR BOYHOOD HOME.

We are tenting to-night in the valley below,
Where the tall chestnut trees on the hillsides grow;
An' the bright tinted leaves, with a mellow red glow,
Look down on the fields where the pumpkin vines grow.
Oh, it makes our stale blood flow as we wander roun' the bend,
Where we used to go a coastin' in the good ole there-an'-then;
Hard by the little babblin' brook that ripples at our feet,
Where we angled for a minnow with pins an' crumbs o' meat.
Now, we're wending 'long the stony path that leads up past the mill,
I guess the miller is not there now, the Buhrs are cold and still;
An' the trusted mill boy, so they say, that allers held the sack,
Has gone away like Old Dog Tray, to never more come back
To acknowledge the corn an' the great bank roll
That was so carefully guarded when takin' his toll;
An' the mill-pond, too, that was reckoned good estate,
Has lost its power the buhrs to turn and wooden wheels rotate.
Now, the ole mill stands a sort o' weird ghostly sight,
That one would scarce fancy on a pale moon-light night;
With its moss-covered walls and the wind moaning thru,
So I guess we'll pass on like other folks do.
But the wending path still leads us on to a spot on yonder hill,
A little by-way father made to please his neighbors' will.
Now, standing on a summit that rises toward the sky,
We view the fertile valley and some brushy hillsides nigh,
Where we chased the wily rabbit with dog an' club an' gun,
To get his hide and carcass an' have a lot o' fun.
We're treading lightly now, it seems like sacred groun',
For though the old log cabin's gone there's relics lying roun'

"Where we chased the wily rabbit,
With dog an' club an' gun,
To get his hide an' carcass
An' have a lot o' fun."

To remind us of our boyhood home, and good old days o' yore,
Where, like natives of the wildwood, in dreams we'd chase the deer,
Like Father did—an' Mother, too—in a deep dark forest near.
When we slept up in the garret on a hardwood puncheon floor:
But now we have a day dream—a sort o' don't know what—
That kind o' sets our mind a thinkin' whether its us or not;
But anyhow, see here, Ole Time, in yer very rapid flight,
We want to thank yer good for this 'ere day an' night
Amid the scenes of childhood, where truant oft we'd play,
Which is not all a dream when we're growin' ole an' gray.

PREFERRED STOCK.

If it's hot, say hot;
If it's cold, say cold;
If the paster's short,
Let 'er grow—don't yer know.
It aint no use o' kickin', dad,
Nur a foolin' with God's clock;
Obey yer Master's good command,
And in His own way take stock.

If it storms, let 'er storm;
If it blows, let 'er blow;
If yer boys gone courtin',
Let 'em go, don't yer know;
It aint no use o' kickin', dad,
Nur a foolin' with God's clock;
Ole time would soon go beggin', dad,
If her cradle failed ter rock.

If it rains, let 'er rain;
If it snows, let 'er snow;
If yer girl's got a beau,
Let 'er go, don't yer know;
It aint no use o' kickin', dad,
Nur a meddlin' with God's clock;
Might as well quit a-farmin'
As to quit a-raisin' stock.

If baby cries, let 'im cry;
If he laughs, let 'im laugh,
It's what makes 'im grow;
Let 'im go, don't yer know;
It ain't no use o' kickin', dad,
Through yer hat, nur through yer sock;
Yer boys have all been workin', dad,
And yer corn is in the shock.

LOVE'S REWARD.

Did you ever go into a fine, gorgeous home
That reminds a caller of the Grandeur of Rome?
A veritable Palace, where Kings in their might
Could spend their few days with a seeming delight,
'Mid the gay, blinding daze of Dame fashion so fair,
That meet your piercing gaze here and there—everywhere.
Say, truly, be honest, as your thoughts 'round you roam,
Did that seeming Haven have the ring of—Sweet Home?

Did you take off your hat when you darkened the door?
Did you look where you stepped on the fine polished floor?
Did you feel real easy, or kind o' stiff and pale,
Like old man Jonah when he swallowed the Whale?
Oh! Excuse the mistake, but there is made by some
A much greater error in defining "Sweet Home."

But the World's on wheels and it's jogging along,
And we're on the Wagon with the weak and strong;
So we'll blot out our Sin with good Charity strong,
And find little fault with what we think is wrong.

But, say! Please, Mr. Driver, as you whirl down the street,
There's a small neat cottage that looks so clean and neat,
Just across the long bridge around yon pine-clad hill—
I want to stop right there for a good social bill.
My wife will be waiting and many children dear,
With lights trimmed and burning, just to welcome us here.

See, Driver—There's the place I've wanted to reach for hours.
Say, don't you catch the breeze from the sweet-scented flowers?
I would not exchange it for the pride of Old Rome,
For it's just my ideal of Home, Sweet, Sweet Home.

YUST A MATTER.

I can't much English spragen,
Und bien not so very vise;
But Cot-re-na reads der babers
Vile I'm lookin' mit mine eyes
At der big addractive att,
Vot looks zo vine unt nize.
Don she reads a leedle furder,
Und I say, "It's von tam lies;"
For how can zome man afort
Mitout von cents uv pay,
Dot very fine Ber-an-nos
To haul out und gif avay?

Don, der Cot-re-na smilt,
Und, lookin' to'ard der skies,
Said: "Yust a matter between Gott
And der Man vot zome day dies."

TENACITY.

The autumn leaves have fallen,
Or live and die together?"
But the sky is bright and fair,
And we hang around our Park,
With some flowers ling'ring there;
And almost long for winter
So the Candy-tuft can rest,
And let its tiny petals
Crawl into their wintry nest.
Though we covered them o'er with leaves,
To shield them from the weather,
They toss the light screen aside
As if to say, "Why can't we stay all winter,

LAUGH.

Our advice is cheap, we know it's true,
But there's many things that we may do
(Though only a sort of shoo-fly-shoo),
To brighten a face that's lookin' blue.

Then cheer up, friend, to yourself be true;
A laugh is better than pills or a stu;
'Twill fit you for hustle the long day thru,
For no one can work when they're feelin' blue.

If life to you looks hard an' stale,
An' the Rose-red cheek begins to pale—
If a Lady—marry soon as you can,
But be sure you get a Laughin' Man.

Then smile yourself as oft as you can,
An' you'll allers have a Laughin' Man
(If you don't forget an' some day jaw
Because you've got a Mother-in-law.)

TIME'S ON THE WING.

Time's on the wing, it's movin' fast;
Our lot is with our neighbors cast.
The gates to wealth are open wide
To *followers* of the ones *who tried.*

The Robin *plans* to build her nest,
Then works with *system* and little rest
Until above the water's crest
She and her family's richly blest.

Perhaps the Coral insect, too,
Has something with this bird to do;
Or furthermore, the little Bee,
That hustled the dirt from a hole in the Tree.

Some lessons we may easy get
By keeping an eye on the busy set,
Who laugh at the day that's Cold and Wet,
While in a cozy Home they set.

Think of the Robin an' the Bee,
An' Coral in the dark blue sea.
Then you'll say, "Dear wife, I see,
We'll get a home for you an' me."

JACK WAS ALLERS TRUE.

As I wander around, along life's changin' way,
And our mind's rehearsing the actions of a day,
We think of a fellow, in our every-day round,
Who comes out to meet us, when returning from town.
With actions expressive as words with gentle sound,
He knows a friend is comin', and wants to be around.
And in a single word, that's allers quite the same,
He proclaims his dear love, for which he would die game.
He's a dear friend of mine, but listen—on the square,
Whether you laugh or cry, he's covered o'er with Hair,
That certainly becomes those natives everywhere;
But the tail—please excuse—must have lost it, I declare.
But all the same, Billie, I'll tell you straight and true,
If our neighbor's Dog dies, I'll be feelin' mighty blue,
And will help carve a slab, and letter it in blue,
A token of remembrance, that Jack was allers True.

MY FRIEND.

I have a friend that is old and gray,
With mind as sweet as flowers of May,
With patience and friendship ever true
As Mariner's Compass on the waters blue;
With pleasing smile and cheerful tone,
I've met him on the streets alone,
Feeling his way with a friendly cane.
"Good-morning," said I, the same said he, adding—
"What's your name?"

Sometimes I said in a joking way,
"I'm your neighbor Parson—come this way."
So taking my arm we walked along;
But, halting, he said, "I think you're wrong—
For, though I'm feeble, weak and blind,
You cannot fool me with your brawl;
You are not a Minister at all.

THANKSGIVING ODE.

Oh, why should a mortal on earth be sad,
While tuneful birds are cheerful and glad,
'Mong the leaves that's turned to tints of gold,
Above the brave trunk of trees that's old?

Oh, why can't we see through mist and spray,
The sunshine back of a dark gloomy day,
And patiently wait a few short hours,
For light that comes with blooming flowers?

Oh, why should a mortal's mind be sad,
While nature is resting? Rejoice and be glad,
And thank the Good Lord, both night and morn,
For Liberty, Love and Waving Corn.

LIGHTS OUT.

The Army of 1861 to 1865—(1910).

Is camping near the sunset,
Its shadows are growing long;
Just a step across the River,
Be brave, my boys—be strong.

Each day the muffled drum
And silent funeral tread,
Reminds us that a Comrade
Is numbered with the dead.

We'll wrap the Flag around you, boys,
A Nation's love and a Nation's pride
Has memorized your sterling worth
That time nor death can ever hide.

In the city of the dead we'll see
Rarest flowers strewn in May,
And a nation's love will follow you
When Uncle Sam is old and gray.

THE LATEST NEWS.

Our daughter had an old Tom cat,
And thought him mighty clever,
Although he never caught a rat,
Or e'en a mouse—no, never.

Now, Tom, he loved a pretty maid,
Way out on Smoky Row,
A ring-tailed, striped little Jade,
To whom he would a wooin' go;

But other Toms were on the trail
And the lovers had a spat,
And Tommy nearly lost his tail,
Now, what do you think o' that!

FROST AND SUNSHINE.

When the spring-time an' winter
Is wranglin' 'bout their right;
An' the sun's rulin' daytime,
An' the frost's bossin' night;
Our sentiment's all one sided,
No matter which is right,
We want to plant our taters,
An' the frost out of sight.

The plow is in the garden,
It's mould-board shinin' bright,
An' Dad, he patched the harness
An' greased 'em up las' night
To match the plow an' sunshine,
An' Daddy's heart beside
When the sun gets to rulin',
Throughout the country wide.

It's not worth while dependin'
On our ole almerneck,
For it don't know the dif'rence,
'Tween a corn-crib an' a peck;
What we're wantin' is sunshine
An' a good horse to line
An' git to plantin' 'arly,
No matter what's the sign.

My Mother said her Father,
At the end of schoolin' term,
Allers tole about a robin
An' somethin' about a worm;
I can't jis mind the wordin',
But I kind o' kalkerlate,
That the Bird that's purty slow
Won't find a worm ter ate.

TELL MY MOTHER.

A soldier lying on the field
Mid lurid flash that battles yield,
Is thinking fast, Why is it so
That Missiles fly where people go?

"No time," he said, "to ponder thus;
Our flag's been trailed in Southern dust.
If I must in the battle die,
Please tell my Mother where and why."

Too young to know the questions deep
That 'round a Nation's interests creep;
Enough to know o'er land and sea
Our dear Old Flag means Liberty.

"And for this reason be it said,
That though I'm numbered with the dead
I loved the Flag and Mother, too,
And died for both—wearing the blue."

GOIN' SOME.

One day, while chattin' with a friend,
"On this," said he, "we may depend
That navigatin' the ethereal blue
Is becomin' popular thru-an'-thru;
An' the auto an' the bike, you know,
That's on the track four in a row,
Sets my hair on end—it does, by gum.
I tell yer, John, we're goin' some."

Jis then a farmer passin' by
With a pail o' milk in his hand,
Said, "Yes, indeed, we're a-goin' fast—
Goin', we'd say, to beat the band.

Why, only think, 'bout a week ago
Our ole cow, that mam calls Gail,
Got skeered at this new shinin' pail,
An' rushed aroun' the barnyard trail
Until she stepped on her own tail.
Well, good-bye, boys; on the square an' plum,
You bet yer boots, we're a-goin' some."

THE LITTLE CAB.

Out on the crowded thoroughfare,
At the motley crowd we often stare
In a sort o' sly an' sleepy way;
Then passing on, to ourself we say—

"O wonderful beauty here and there
In God's own image, sweet and fair;
But the fairest form that's passing nigh,
Is a mother's hope in the lullaby."

I'd like to be a flowerette
To bloom in yonder grove,
Where the Robin an' ole Nater
Proclaims that God is Love.

REPETITION.

There's beauty in the drifting snow
As one by one the mountains grow,
Dressing the earth in robes of white
As one by one the flakes alight;
An' on the ground with gentle touch
They've left a mark that's changed it much.
We see the school boy passin' by
In banks of snow up to his eye,
Dodgin' a ball his sister threw
From tender hands that's cold an' blue;
But all the same it's winter now
An' children love the snow somehow,
An' love to pass their fun aroun'
To ev'ry boy an' girl in town;
For February is comin' they know,
An' may do away with ice an' snow.

Well, boys are boys an' boys will be;
They'll have their day like you an' me.

Now, March of right will blow, blow, blow,
An' make it rough for the cawin' crow,
Who scarce can face the mighty breeze
That's whistlin' through the leafless trees,
But April's near, an' he's espied
The farmer's boy on the outside
Dustin' the harness an' mendin' the plow;
An' he's feelin' better to-day somehow,
An's winkin' at the other crow.
"I believe it's Spring. Let's live an' grow
On the seeds his dad intends to sow"
(Keep quiet now an' watch the row).
So in a tree they've built a nest
(We'll let the farmer tell the rest).

Just then a robin chanced to see
Some buds on a lone cherry-tree;
She, too, it seems has not forgotten
The place to get her board for nothin'
(Except her promise, understand,
Of concerts by her Birdie Band.)
Well, this to us will somethin' bring,
For we dearly love to hear them sing.
We're livin' near a little park,
Where robins chirp an' lovers spark,
An' red birds, too, on friendship bent,
Enjoy our home without a cent.

Thus time moves on to summer days,
Where, 'long sweet paths an' sunny ways,
We catch the breeze that round us play
An' whisper softly, "This is May;"
Glad'ning the hearts of young an' old
Far more than gems of shinin' gold
Or Fairy Tales in winter told.

Now, June, it's mate is pressin' near,
With bloomin' rose an' growin' ear;
An' the farmer's voice, with hustlin' air,
Is heard to say—"No time to spare."
While rare perfumes on mornin' air,
That comes from flowers ev'rywhere,
Lift the heart an' bend the knee
To author of the love we see
Reflected on Eternity;

Here let us dwell amid the store
Of welcome June for evermore,
Whose sunlight blends with sweet perfume,
That's on the air an' in our room.

But Time is never standin' still,
An' bears us onward at her will
To July, August an' September,
Whose fruitfulness, remember,
Has often dried the widow's tear,
When blinded hope caused her to fear.

'Twas through those days of heat an' sweat
The demands for food the farmers met;
An' through assistance ever true,
He still provides for us an' you.

Each has a place in life to fill
To keep intact the busy mill.
Now is the venders' holiday,
An' from the cities hie away
The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
To the shaded rills of water cold;
An' drop a line with bended hook
To minnows in the babblin' brook;
Or at some quiet inland lake,
We bait our hooks an' drive a stake;
An' sit an' dream, both day an' night,
'Bout signs and sich when fish don't bite.

The leaves on trees are turnin' red,
The golden fields look sere an' dead;
October an' November's past
An' cold December's here at last
With desolation in her trail.
The old year's lookin' thin an' pale,
An' snow flakes like in days of yore
Are seen again outside the door;

City Folk Outing at the Lake

Again the children come an' go,
Leavin' their tracks in cold, wet snow;
An' little sister, cute an' shy,
Puts a snow-ball square in brother's eye.

The old year's breathing slow it's last,
It's days on earth will soon be past.
Thus the repeating scenes go by.
Whether we laugh, or weep an' cry.
Life is real. Then laugh, my friend,
An', smiling, greet the final

END

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